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The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS, TO THE WILD SKY,
THE FLYING CLOUD, THE FROSTY LIGHT:
THE YEAR IS DYING IN THE NIGHT:
RING OUT, WILD BELLS, AND LET HIM DIE.

. . . . .

RING OUT A SLOWLY DYING CAUSE,
AND ANCIENT FORMS OF PARTY STRIFE;
RING IN THE NOBLER MODES OF LIFE,
WITH SWEETER MANNERS, PURER LAWS.

. . . . .

RING OUT FALSE PRIDE IN PLACE AND BLOOD,
THE CIVIC SLANDER AND THE SPITE;
RING IN THE LOVE OF TRUTH AND RIGHT,
RING IN THE COMMON LOVE OF GOOD.

. . . . .

RING OUT OLD SHAPES OF FOUL DISEASE;
RING OUT THE NARROWING LUST OF GOLD;
RING OUT THE THOUSAND WARS OF OLD,
RING IN THE THOUSAND YEARS OF PEACE.

. . . . .

RING IN THE VALIANT MAN AND FREE,
THE LARGER HEART, THE KINDLIER HAND;
RING OUT THE DARKNESS OF THE LAND,
RING IN THE CHRIST THAT IS TO BE.

—*Tennyson.*

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King,"—
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world.
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
The blessed angels sing.

But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring.
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing.
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

For, lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

—*Edmund Hamilton Sears.*

THE PEACE OF CHRIST.

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you."—ST. JOHN xiv. 27.

These are musical words, but the music is not of earth alone. They touch a strain above the world. In their consciousness of

spiritual power, in their farness from the strife and trouble of men, they are of that true supernatural which abides in the secret of God. But in their tenderness for those who loved him, in the sweetness of expression which brought together in them human sadness and the divine power which could so boldly promise peace and give it, they are of that exquisite quality which forever moves the heart of man. Sorrow, power, and beauty meet and mingle in them.

Yet it was a strange legacy. He gave his apostles peace, Jesus said—but had they peace? Was their life a life of peace? Were their hearts at peace? Did trouble never touch them or the storms of life? Did sorrow, fear, and passion never make a tempest within them? Was his gift of peace the peace that the world calls peace? Indeed, it was not. It was given as the world did not give, and it was not outward peace.

What was it? It was not peace from the outward pains that beset life. For Christ says that it was his own peace he left to them, and when he spoke the words all the storms that can befall a man gathered round his head. He had suffered long from slander, envy, jealousy, and hatred; and now a darker cloud was to break, and sudden betrayal, a people's anger, insult, torture, and death, were to spend their force upon him. So, whatever his peace was, it was consistent with heavy misfortune. Nor were his followers better off than their master. With the legacy of peace he left to them the legacy of tribulation. "In this world ye shall have tribulation;" and they had it. Theirs was a hunted life. If any men might be embittered, they might be. The Jewish and the Roman world, the Church and State, were alike against them. They were stoned and driven into deserts, tortured, thrown to the beasts, butchered to make a Roman holiday. It was not, then, the peace of an easy life Christ left them. On the contrary, he bid them, would they follow him, expose themselves to the tempest.

Let no one dream, then, who follows Christ, that he will be saved from outward trouble. No; beyond the common trouble that befalls us all, his follower will have the trouble that comes on those who go against the views and maxims of the world, who follow truth in a lying age, who cling to faith in an age of doubt, who live close to honesty when the standard of uprightness is low, to whom enthusiasm for things held worthy of scorn is their greatest honor. Not peace, but war, storm, and the cross belong to those who receive Christ's legacy of peace.

It was not this peace, then. Was it freedom from the unrest of the heart, from sorrow and care, and bitter pain of thought and love? No, not that either; for it was my peace, said Christ, and he had not peace of heart. "Now is my soul troubled; Father, save me from this hour." Again, "When Jesus had thus said, he was troubled in spirit and said, Verily I say unto you, one of you shall betray me."—Afterwards, there came the lonely agony in the Garden, the bitter cry upon the cross. The peace of Christ was not peace for the troubles of the heart. On him the restlessness we know so well abided; he suffered as we suffer—and it is well. For were freedom from these things his peace, we should have no certainty of his sympathy. The Consoler needs to have been the sufferer, and the conqueror of suffering.

Let no one, then, dream that because they are Christ's followers they will have peace from the sorrows of mankind; that loss will be less bitter, ingratitude's tooth less keen, treachery less a fire in the heart, broken love less miserable, a shattered home less lonely. Nay, we may have all these sorrows fully. And, indeed, to be his follower it needs that we should pass through many of these things that we may do his work, that, victorious over the sins of sorrow,—not through feeling less pain, but through having felt it and gone into its depths and conquered it in his way,—we may turn like him to men and women, and give the power of our tried experience to the task of consolation. It was not, then, the peace of the human heart that he had or that he left to us.

We have seen now what it was not. What was it, then? It was a spiritual peace, peace in the deep region of the human spirit, peace in that inner Life, which, striking its thoughts into eternity, is linked unbrokenly to God; nay, which is a part of God. In that deep Life there was entire and perfect peace in Christ. The storms of circumstances raged without. Sorrow and baffled love, and the pain of death, and the horror and weight of the world's sin, not imposed on him by God his Father, but taken on himself through sympathy and love of man, made a very tempest in his heart—but for all that, at the root of his being, in the eternal world of his spirit, where there were neither wars nor hatred, nor reached the violences of earth; where sorrow was not, nor any pain—peace, abiding, pure-eyed, deep as the heart of God, reigned unbroken. That was the one thing needful. Outward peacelessness of life would soon have its end in the realizing of death. So also would the storms which blew upon his heart. A little while, and he would go to the Father. Then—when in the

spiritual world, he rose again, the spiritual peace that beneath the storms of life and of the heart reigned undisturbed, rose from the depths of being, and overflowed the whole of his eternity.

It was spiritual peace that was his peace; it was that which he left to us. Can we define it? Not in the depths of feeling. There it escapes analysis. Those on whom its spiritual emotion descends at times as the dew of God's blessing know how it cannot be explained in human words. Nor when it has visited men and gone can they remember what it was. They are like those who have been blessed in a happy dream, but who on awaking forget the dream, but feel throughout the day its exalting passion. They cannot describe the perfect reality of spiritual peace, but the sweetness born of it distils and lives for many days within the heart.—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

THE STILL HOUR.

SHORT PRAYERS.

O God, the Father of Jesus Christ, whom, though not having seen, we love; in whom, though now we see him not, believing, we rejoice; who was foreordained before the foundation of the world, but was manifest in these last times; make us, like him, holy in all manner of conversation.

Purify our souls in obeying the truth, through the spirit, unto unfeigned love of the brethren; and may we love one another with pure hearts fervently.

O Thou, whose eyes are over the righteous, and whose ears are open to their prayers, but whose face is against them that do evil, make us all of one mind, having compassion one of another, loving as brethren, not rendering evil for evil, nor railing for railing, but contrariwise, blessing.

Add to our faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, self-control; and to self-control, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity.

THOUGHTS FOR THE STILL HOUR.

There is a beautiful legend that on Christmas all evil spirits are deprived of their power to harm, and that even the devils and the accursed in hell enjoy a brief rest from sin and misery. Shakespeare has used this legend:—

"Ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning s'ngeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
. . . . . .
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

However that may be, it is certainly true that many evil spirits are held in check by the coming of Christmas. Christmas assuaged the spirit of oppression at the South, and brought rest to the slave; it pacifies the strife of parties, and makes a vacation in the bitterness of politics; it suspends the quarrels of sects. The hard bigot on one side and the sharp infidel on the other take each other's hands over the child's cradle. The man who bitterly attacks Christianity and he who defends it with an equal bitterness enjoy a kindly Christmas side by side. All this is a presage of the time when wars shall cease; when the whole Church shall be one; when the Christ of love and truth shall be everywhere accepted, obeyed, and loved, and the knowledge of God shall fill the earth as the waters cover the sea.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

OFFERS.

Cambridge First Parish offers the following books. Apply to Miss Helen L. Bayley, 399 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass.:—

"Our Village," Milford; "Among the Hills," Whittier; "The Golden Treasury," Palgrave; "The Teacher's Philosophy"; "Book of Common Prayer" (English Version); "A Study of the Fourth Gospel," Burton; "Memory Street," Dunn; "English Literature," Stopford Brooke; "Ben Hur," Wallace; "Education for Efficiency," Charles W. Eliot; "Twice Told Tales," Hawthorne; "Middleway," Patch; "Love and the Spy," Williamson; "The Moon-

stone," Collins; "Count Hannibal," Wayman; "Adam Bede," George Eliot; "Early History of Charles James Fox," Trevelyan; "The Inner Shrine," King.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister, as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. Am a minister and should be very glad if some one would send me a Bible Commentary. I am not able to meet obligations and buy a Commentary, and should be pleased to receive one, old or new, or any other books that would be useful to me. I have had much misfortune of late. On the third day of May, 1913, I was nearly fatally injured by the explosion of a steam engine and am yet somewhat crippled; and my wife has typhoid fever at this time; but I think that by careful nursing she will recover. I am a member of the Cheerful Letter Exchange and have received some valuable reading, which I appreciated. Rev. D. J. Bryant, Floyd, Virginia, Route 1.

2. Will some one please send me *two* teacher's reference Bibles, with print that will do for failing eyes, near sixty years of age? Both need a teacher's Bible that can be easily carried in the hand. New or second hand will do; but please let the type be large and clear. Mrs. A. J. McQueen, care of Rev. A. J. McQueen, Rowlands, North Carolina.

3. I am writing to ask you to please send me some reading matter for myself and three children. I should be so glad of the *Mother's Magazine*, or any good magazine; and some pictures books or leaflets for my children. I have three: Earle, eight years old; Nina May, seven; and Robert, four. We are eight miles from a railroad. I have no way to get away from home much, and reading is my greatest pleasure. Mrs. E. L. O'Quinn, Manchester, North Carolina.

4. My mother is a widow with four children. I am the eldest, twelve years old. We should like to get some good magazines or books, and should appreciate them so much. Jessamine White, Preston, Virginia.

5. Another year has rolled around and Christmas is almost here again, and I want to beg you all not to forget me and my little band this year. As many of you remember, I have a Christmas-tree for the poor children and old people of my neighborhood. The best of years there is never any money except for the barest necessities, and now we can find no market for our cotton, our only money crop. Every one is so blue we certainly need cheer, and will certainly appreciate any help any one can give us to help brighten our Christmas. If you have only a few old things that you can spare,—pictures, cards, magazines, illustrated papers, books,—anything that will please children and old people, they will be gladly received by us. There are two books I should be especially glad to have for my little girl: "Anne of Avonlea" and "Chronicles of Avonlea" by L. M. Montgomery. And I should be so glad to have a Saunders' Fifth Reader. And we grown-ups would appreciate Unitarian literature, or any reading matter that is sent us. Please help us all you can. May God bless you all. We thank you for past favors. Mrs. J. Porter, Doerun, Georgia. R. F. D. 3.

6. Mrs. J. C. Anglin, Spencer, Virginia, R. F. D. 3, asks for reading for herself and children, the youngest a boy of seventeen.

7. Mrs. Sallie M. Ogle has moved from Barren Springs to Spencer, Virginia, R. F. D. 3. She will be glad of any calico or gingham for patchwork.

8. I want to thank all who have been so kind to me. I should be glad if some one would send me the *Étude* and any good music. Also I should appreciate any good books and magazines, especially *McCall's Magazine*. Miss Helen Lyon, Tarboro, North Carolina.

9. Mrs. A. C. Hottinger, whose address was Hebron, Ohio, has moved. Her present address is Thornville, Ohio, Route 5. She is a great sufferer,—a bedridden invalid. And please remember her on Christmas with letters, books, cards, and any little thing to help cheer her lonely life. She wishes to thank all who kindly remembered her last Christmas with so much cheer.

10. Several years ago I wrote asking for reading and have enjoyed the reading sent. Now I am asking for "The Inglenook Cook Book" or some other good cook book. I want to learn to be a better cook for my aged parents, who are eighty-five and seventy-six years old. (Miss) Lina Thomas, Elamsville, Virginia.

11. Miss A. Augusta Peatross, Spencer, R. F. D. 3, Virginia, will be glad of current magazines, asking especially for *Argosy* and *Pearson's*.

12. I have been a lonely shut-in for nearly five years. Shall appreciate any good books or magazines. I like *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and am anxious for "Gray's School and Field Botany." Please remember to send me some of your good literature. Shall appreciate it so much. Miss Mollie Craddock Price, R. F. D. 1, Box 34, North Carolina.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

CHRISTMAS AND THE HOME.

This is a season especially dear to the home circle, and it ought to be one to make Christian men and women especially thankful for the influences, born with the Christ, and maturing through the ages, which have wrought the home into a means of grace and a nursery of the Lord.

Out of Christian homes have come the greatest and best souls that have blessed our modern life. And we who have shared these inestimable benefits know how truly they were the sources of whatever was best within us. We know that our few scattering virtues date back to the loving influences of Christian homes. We know that the hawser which has stood the strain of life's heaviest seas, and held us to our anchorage in integrity when in the worst temptations, was spun and twisted out of the home affections. Many a soul has hung through awful gales of trial, when wave after wave rolled over the passion-tossed heart, and the black reef of perdition roared close at hand, held by a single rope which would not part nor stretch, because some mother was patient and wisely loving, when she twisted the threads of righteous influences and bound them round her child's heart. And souls have often gone down in the black night because there was no one to equip them thus.

The heart bows reverently at the shrine of the home saint, whose labors have been the leaven of its life.

In this blessed Christmastide, when the interchange of loving tokens and the words of good-will and friendship freshen all the better feelings of our hearts, let our love and loyalty to the homes God has given us be renewed and purified. Let us make them the object of our highest regard, our purest loyalty. We have high honors for those who spring to arms, when war sounds its call, to defend their homes from invasion. It is not thought too much to commemorate in marble and bronze the valor which gave life for the integrity of the home. But that which is easy when trumpets stir the blood men are apt to forget altogether in the quiet round of home's own duties. But peace has its wars, and there is none waged for a higher end than the integrity of the home. Let us all be enlisted in that service. Defend your home from every mean vice. Drive out the rudeness which breaks up home harmony. Besiege the sullen temper till it yields. Sacrifice as much to save the household from the tyranny of harshness, indifference, hatred, as you would to deliver it from the hand of a despot.

And let us not forget at this season that the star which shone out when the Infant of days was born shines brightly still for the *children*. And because of the light it brings, childhood to-day is better treated and better loved than ever in the world before. Canon Farrar says: "It is only since the dawn of Christianity that childhood has been surrounded with the halo of romance." But, thank God, ever since the star shone at the Saviour's birth the world has been growing to a sense of the true place of the children in the world's economy. Perhaps there is little need to make this plea. For most men and women feel the trust lying uppermost in their hearts. But we all need to be reminded that the children are quite helpless in the hands of older people, and as a matter of honor as well as love, we are bound not to make their early years unhappy. We do not lift up any voice for weak, short-sighted indulgence, for any dread of discipline which, to save a present tear, prepares the way for bitter weeping hereafter. But in the name of Him whose love makes this the gladdest season of the year, let us not neglect one single chance God gives us to bless the life of childhood.—*The Christian Herald.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE FAITHFUL CAMEL.

In his book on "Tunis, Kairouan and Carthage," Mr. Graham Petrie describes the characteristics and manners of the camel and the many useful services which that faithful animal performs:—

He draws the carts, he treads the wheat, he grinds the corn, and he carries such enormous burdens of hay and fodder that one wonders if, indeed, his poor humped back would not be broken by adding the proverbial straw.

Although his occupations are menial, although his figure is grotesque and ungainly, although his eyes are often covered with blinkers and his mouth enclosed by a nose-bag, although his neck is denuded of its long,

handsome collar and his body is clipped and shaved till his skin is as bare as a plucked ostrich, although he is lodged in filthy stables and beaten with sticks by heartless boys, he never loses his dignity of bearing.

The manners of the camel are generally perfect, as is noticeable when one sees a score or more drinking at one of the many wells outside the town. Arranging themselves in regular and orderly rows on either side of the trough, they stretch out their long necks and suck up the water with a solemnity and orderliness that would do credit to the formal etiquette of a Chinese mandarin. There is no rude hustling for place, no indecorous haste, no selfish and ill-bred disregard of neighbors' needs and the rights of others.

When a camel has assuaged his thirst, he quietly withdraws, and with a graceful motion of the neck which suggests a courteous bow of thanks, another takes his place.

Every one knows that a camel is able to carry a store of water which will last him for many days when crossing the desert. One day, as I was watching some camels lying in the sun, I learned how the store was utilized. I saw a small iridescent bubble appear from the mouth of one of them, which rapidly expanded till it was the size of a football. For a moment it hung there, looking quite beautiful, if a little uncanny, as it reflected all the colors of the rainbow in the brilliant glare of the African noon. Then there came a liquid, gurgling sound as the water passed down the throat into the stomach. It is really quite a pretty spectacle.

GARIBALDI.

HIS KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

Garibaldi was first and foremost a shepherd and goat-herd, rearing a particularly fine breed of goats, which he imported from Malta to run loose on the rocks.

The cows were each known by name, and were most tenderly treated.

"He is as kind," wrote Vecchi, "to the brute creation, as to man, and is so pained to see an animal struck, that he never permits it in his presence. He takes a special delight in planting and cultivating useful vegetables, and is highly displeased, if a plant be trodden upon, or pulled up by mistake."

Garibaldi himself, in a curiously emotional description of his own gardening operations in Caprera, exclaims: "The soul of the poor plants was in communion with mine, as I know when, thrown back, into this sea of misery, far away from them, I turn my thoughts back to them, and feel myself cheered and exalted."

He himself, the plants, and the butterfly that flits around them, are alike "part of the soul of the universe, part of the infinite, part of God." This thought, he tells us, "raises him above miserable materialism."

The frugally furnished little house (at Caprera) was often overflowing with guests, who gladly took part in the gardening, building, and herding occupations of the day.

"Here is liberty, in all things," writes Vecchi in 1861, "even to the cellar, although the General drinks nothing but water; . . . For supper he has new milk. For the rest there are salted viands, with coffee, tea, and milk at discretion. He helps his neighbors, beginning with the women, and invites his distant guests to take care of themselves. When he speaks to his daughter, he says 'Teresa' in such a soft voice that it is impossible to imitate it.

"If he is in good spirits, he lights his cigar, and—excited by some name or deed, which I allude to on purpose—he narrates, modestly of himself, but with full meed of praise for others, the great feats of arms in America, or particulars of the more recent events in Lombardy, Sicily, and Naples. . . . If he is oppressed by gloomy thoughts, he rises immediately from table, and walks out; for he constantly suffers from the feeling of desolation, repeopling in thought the battle-field with fallen friends and those who died for the noble cause for which he has ever drawn his sword."

One evening, as Vecchi narrates, the party in the house heard that a new-born lamb had been lost among the rocks. Long searches by lantern light, guided by Garibaldi over the crags and through the brushwood, failed of success, both before and after supper.

"It was nine o'clock and raining, and we were very tired, so we once more returned to the house, and went to bed. An hour afterwards, we heard the sound of footsteps, in the next room, and the house-door opened. . . . About midnight, we were aroused by a voice: it was the hero returning, joyfully carrying the lost lamb in his arms. He took the little creature to his bed, and lay down with it, giving it a bit of sponge, dipped in milk to suck, to keep it quiet, . . . and he spent the whole night caressing and feeding the foolish creature. . . . At five in the morning, we found him planting potatoes in the garden. We took our spades, and began to work also."

The qualities which endeared him to the simple souls who lived in his house on Caprera similarly won the hearts of the most critical

and experienced judges of men in Italy and England. The fond simplicity of a child, the sensitive tender humanity of a woman, the steady valor of a soldier, the good-heartedness and hardihood of a sailor, the imposing majesty of a king, like Charlemagne, the brotherliness and universal sympathy of a democrat like Walt Whitman, the spiritual depth and fire of a poet, and an Olympian calm that was personal to himself—all plainly marked in his port and presence, his voice and his eyes—made him, not the greatest, but the unique figure of the age. That this rare creature had no head for administration or politics need cause no surprise.—*From "Garibaldi and the Thousand" by George Macaulay Trevelyan.*

BIOGRAPHY.

MAZZINI AND THE GOSPEL OF DUTY.

In truth, he had hoped that the doctrine of the wider, higher good would prevail over the narrower and lower selfishness that both cramps and sterilizes the local or national instinct. And to his intense disgust, he saw the doctrine of national rights carried to their logical conclusion—a Europe that was not a civic confraternity, but an armed camp.

In that stage Europe still remains; the evils and the burdens of hatred and militarism have indeed infinitely increased since 1872. Could there be a more convincing proof of the wisdom of Mazzini's teaching than that the denial of it has brought the Old World within a measurable distance of bankruptcy, for reasons that are known only to a small circle of rulers and statesmen?

Long before those evils had become threatening, Mazzini had pointed out the better way that would obviate them. His work, "The Duties of Man," appeared in part in 1844, the remainder in 1858; but an inner unity pervades the whole. Even in 1844 the Italian seer discerned the danger of making selfishness, whether of a man, a class, a nation, the chief basis for political and social action. His study of recent French history warned him of that; and his belief in the Italian nature, above all, a mystical faith in the renovating influence of Rome, prompted him to look to Italy and the heart of Italy for the initiative of the third life of Europe. To that end he addressed "The Duties of Man" to Italian workingmen, although the message is of world-wide application.

The book is deeply religious in tone. Although Mazzini rejected the orthodox teaching about Christ, he had imbibed his spirit. The nineteenth century, he says, needs that spirit as much as the first century. Christ proclaimed the gospel of God's love to all, of the brotherhood of all in self-sacrificing love.

"The origin of your duties is in God. The definition of your duties is found in His law. The progressive discovery and the application of His law is the task of Humanity." Mazzini scouts the notion of true brotherhoods existing apart from the teaching of religion. Without it there may be risings prompted by self-interest or revenge; but there will be no abiding change in human society.

For this purpose he bade men improve themselves, not merely their material interests. Only by self-improvement and by understanding the conditions of healthy progress will the race really advance. "To progress you must show yourselves *capable* of progressing." But this improvement of individual character is only the first step. Far more important is that whereby the individual becomes a kindly and useful member of a family, as husband and father.

Even this circle of family relations may not count for very much; for are there not myriad instances of men who, viewing the family as the end-all of life, rob and plunder others for its behoof? That circle of duty, then, must be subordinated to the civic sense that makes the family serve the higher interests of the city; these, in their turn, of the province and nation. For national patriotism, as we have seen, Mazzini had a warm regard. The ideal of a free and renovated Italy had led hundreds of youths to lay down their lives gladly in battle or at the gibbet; and he believed that those noble sacrifices must prepare Italy to lead the way in the revivification of mankind. Her example will nerve other subject and disunited peoples to similar efforts.

"The map of Europe will be remade. The countries of the people will rise, defined by the voice of the free, upon the ruins of the countries of kings and privileged castes. Between these countries there will be harmony and brotherhood. And then the work of Humanity for the general amelioration, for the discovery and application of the real law of life, carried on in association and distributed according to local capacities, will be accomplished by peaceful and progressive development."

This harmony of the nations in their upward strivings will be assured by the conviction that the nation exists, not for itself, but for a wider good. The nation, after all, is

but a ladder leading to the highest level of human activity, that whereon the nations figure as families working in a divine order. Just as a man finds his true self by toil, not for himself, but for the community in which he is placed, so, too, the nation will never realize its highest faculties in a self-centred existence marked by intrigue and aggrandizement, but rather by a generous emulation with its neighbors for the good of the human family at large. To quote Mazzini once more:—

"THE ORIGIN OF EVERY RIGHT."

"We improve with the improvement of Humanity; nor without the improvement of the whole can you hope that your own moral and material conditions will improve."

By a similar line of argument he shows that the world of industry and commerce may be greatly benefited by voluntary associations of workers who agree to co-operate, sharing the profits according to the work and ability of the members. Deprecating the wild and destructive schemes of Proudhon and other French thinkers, he points out that the laboring classes have the remedy in their own hands as soon as they educate themselves, and display the self-restraint and prudence that the co-operative system demands.

Thus in all spheres of life he recommended reform from within, not violent changes imposed from without. He distrusted the panaceas that promised a social millennium; for he knew that the most perfect social system would fail unless men were first trained to the self-denying habits that alone could work it. Accordingly, he never flattered the populace. As he truly said:—

"My voice may sound too harsh, and I may too severely insist on proclaiming the necessity of virtue and sacrifice; but I know, and you will soon know also, that the sole origin of every right is a duty fulfilled."—*J. Holland Rose, in the Youth's Companion.*

Dear bells, as you swing in your steeples,
Above all the jar of the earth,
Sing low of the ox by the manger,
Afar in the place of His birth;
And sing of the sheep on the hill-sides,
The poor patient ass in his stall;
For all the beasts that must perish,
Sing clearest of all.

—*Mary Riddell Corley.*

IN PEACE AND WAR: AN EXPERIENCE.

PART III.

Indeed, the English all through this appalling crisis are giving an extraordinary account of themselves. Nothing could exceed their dignity and self-control. There is no indication either of depression or of exultation. There is neither weeping nor cheering. No handkerchiefs are seen either to wave adieus or wipe away a tear,—only stern and resolute determination to pursue the right, and discharge a duty, and see a hard thing done with thoroughness and courage. Calmness everywhere prevails and hopefulness is preached. Two days after war was declared a taxicab appeared running through the streets covered with large placards which read, "Don't worry," "Cheer up," "We must win; England's fleet is still the finest in the world." To a marvellous degree the people have kept their heads, and to a still more marvellous degree they are opening their hands. The Prince of Wales Fund already amounts to £1,315,000. Organizations of relief are rapidly being formed. A Red Cross flag floats above the familiar residence of the Duke of Devonshire in Piccadilly. The National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies has opened headquarters in Parliament Street, and issues a call for volunteer workers in the cause of king and country. It would be magnificent if it were not so depressing; it *is* magnificent even though the cause is war.

So far as the church peace congress is concerned, though it came in one sense to so little and seemed almost a farce, in another sense it may prove the prophecy for better things to come. Those of us who ventured into Germany as she was arming herself for battle, and who bade her borders a glad good-by as she was rushing her soldiers to the front, were enabled to see something of the devastation and calamity of war. When the dread event was drawing near, the country was cast down in the deepest gloom. People were everywhere depressed. Crowds that were absolutely silent thronged through the streets and pressed up to read the latest despatches that were posted here and there. Universal sadness was apparent. The porter who took my bags at the railway station in Heidelberg turned away and burst into tears when I showed him the head-lines in the morning newspaper. The Kaiser and the

Prussian war party may have wanted war, but there can be no doubt whatever of the peaceable inclinations of the German people. Had the German government been less of a military despotism and autocracy, the war would not have come. The Socialist party was violently opposed to it, faithful always to the cause of international good will, but their meetings, which were called in protest, were forbidden, and in many places broken up. When all is over, one result will doubtless be a more republican Germany, in which the people have more voice. Then, too, besides the gloom of the people there was the sudden paralysis of business and all trade. The shops were closed. Factories shut down. Hotels were stripped of servants and of guests. All the ordinary affairs of life were suddenly put out of joint. The amenities of civilization ceased to exist. The streets of Germany as we saw the last of them had all the appearance of streets on Sunday, only utterly bereft of any gayety.

We must not therefore weakly lose all heart. This colossal war is destined to be the most forceful lesson that the world has ever had in the cause of peace. It has done away at once and forever the weak delusion that great armaments are calculated to preserve the peace. Germany has been the greatest and most persistent offender in this respect, forcing all other nations to keep pace with her; and at the door of German military autocracy and insolence—not at the door of the German people—must be laid the responsibility for what has happened. "In time of peace," it has foolishly been said, "prepare for war." With greater wisdom we may now begin to say, "In time of war prepare for peace," and when peace comes the great thing to be kept in mind and worked for is a limitation of armaments.

Some time in the future, therefore, another church congress will be held for promoting friendly relations among the nations, a congress which will not be darkened and dispersed by signs of war and bloodshed. The first church congress for promoting peace was not a failure. It was an index finger rather, pointing clearly to a brighter, happier day to come. It will be looked back upon as having something of historic value, as establishing an interesting background, for to the credit of the churches be it said that, when the nations of Europe were being swept away to war, and the teachings of Christianity were openly defied, a little band of people with a vision came together in the face of serious difficulties and held a new church council in the town of Constance.—*Paul Revere Frothingham, in the Christian Register.*

CHRISTMAS GREETING FROM ENGLAND.

Christmas is nearly here, and we are all looking forward to much that will give us pleasure—happy family gatherings, nice presents, cheery greetings, and happy games! But is that all we keep Christmas for? No, surely not! For remember that it commemorates the birthday of Christ—our noblest example of all that stands for mercy, kindness, honesty, love, and every other quality which makes a man or woman, boy or girl, true, good, and happy. And then, remembering whose birthday we celebrate, we recall the picture of the Christ child lying in a manger surrounded by the gentle patient beasts! Surely, then, if God allowed his dear Son to be surrounded, from the first moment of his birth, by the animals in a stable it must teach us that they are worthy of our friendship, our care, and our consideration!

Let us then, especially at Christmas, remember that animals are worthy of being numbered among our friends and companions since in those far-off days they were the companions of the Christ child in the lowly stable at Bethlehem. Because they are our friends, we must do all we can to make them happy. This we can do at all times, and at such a special season of gladness let us share with them our joy and happiness. You know how a dog, for instance, can show his happiness and can express his gratitude for kindly attention, and also how, alas, too often, he shows his fear of bad treatment! All animals can feel pain. They can also feel pleasure, and it is only right—just as we hate giving pain to our human friends—that we should avoid anything which may hurt our animal companions.

Let every living thing, if possible, share in the joys of Christmas! Do something to make it a happy time, at least, for every living thing with which you have anything to do. And by so doing we can all try to make it a season of real loving-kindness to one and all. Let us be determined that every living being with whom we have anything to do—our human friends and our "lower brethren"—shall be, somehow, the happier because of what we—you and I—have been able to do for them. You remember that Jesus said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even the least, ye did it unto me." (Matt. xxv. 40.)—*Editor, Band of Mercy.*

LONDON, ENGLAND.

Christianity is the regeneration of our whole nature, not the destruction of one atom of it.—*Robertson.*

PRAYER FOR CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Glory be to Thee in the highest heavens, O thou God of our salvation. Thou hast proclaimed peace on earth and infinite good-will to men. Unto us has been born a guide and deliverer. Glad tidings from heaven he brought, and holy is the truth which he uttered, immortal the hope he inspires. We hail the morning which commemorates his birth. And to thee, his father and our father, his God and our God, we would bring our grateful acknowledgments and offer our prayers, that we may be more deeply impressed than ever with a sense of thine unspeakable grace, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

We adore thy providence in the advent of this great messenger from heaven. We acknowledge thy hand in the special gifts with which he was endowed, in the extraordinary power which he exercised. In thy spirit given unto him without measure, the spirit of grace, of truth, and of power, what testimony didst thou bear to his authority! He came, O God, clothed not in royal pomp, but in the heavenly ornaments of a lowly and single mind; and in him and by him the spirit of goodness was made manifest, and we behold thy glory.

We praise thee that thou hast thus revealed thyself in the flesh, and that the divinity which shines through all things hath appeared most brightly of all in a living shape, in one made in all points as we are. Thus art thou brought near, and we are enabled to see the invisible and hold communion with the uncreated and the everlasting. For all that thy beloved Son did and suffered, for his words of truth, for his triumph over the powers of darkness, for his serene and unfaltering faith and his unfailing love, for his glorious death and resurrection, we would on this day bring thee the offerings of gladness and of praise.

Oh, may a sense of thine abounding goodness be inscribed upon our inmost souls, by the influence of thy holy spirit, by the finger of God! May our whole being be moulded by the truth as it was set forth in Jesus, and may we reflect, in some humble degree, the living glory which shone so steadily in him! Thus shall we best express our gratitude, when the truth lives in us, as it lived in him. Like him may we conquer the world, and acknowledge a higher law than the opinion of men, and yield a ready and implicit obedience to thy word! For truth and rectitude, and not for our own pleasure, may we hold ourselves ever ready to live and to die! Give unto us the spirit of self-sacrifice. May all that earth can bribe us with be as dross in comparison with the consciousness of fidelity to God, and to him only.

When we utter these petitions, well may we put our hands upon our lips, and our faces in the dust; for alas, it has not always been in our hearts to do thy will. We have not kept steadily before our eyes our great model, but we have lived for the present moment. The vanishing trifles of the world have had power to amuse and engross us; and with light from heaven shining around us, with the glorious gospel in our hands, we have followed our own idle pleasure. Save us, we beseech thee, from our own heedlessness. Break our slumbers, and let the light of Christ search our souls and scatter our darkness. And may we know, as we have never known before, what a great thing it is to live, what a solemn work is given us to do, even to be like Christ and like God.

O Thou who art working in and through all things to fulfil the purposes of infinite wisdom, give thy holy word new power among men. Let not the Lord Jesus lie buried and forgotten. Raise him up, the conqueror of the world, and give him an everlasting empire in all hearts; and let every eye see him and every tongue confess him to be Lord, to the glory of thee, the Father. May all nations and kindreds and tongues and languages be filled with his spirit, the spirit of liberty, and be governed by his law. Let all superstition and injustice and slavery, however sanctioned by custom, disappear before that religion which came down from heaven, bringing gifts unto men. Soften all hearts. Quicken all consciences, that every form of evil may vanish, and that thy grace may abound and thy saving truth reign over all nations. And to thee shall be rendered everlasting praise. Amen.—*Furness's Family Prayers.*

A lowly creed, a wayside inn
For wayfarers! Oh, come,
Now that the long dark hours begin,
Lead thou the nations home!
Shine on the little roof, fair star,
The thatch in silver steep,
That kings may come to it from afar,
And the shepherds from their sheep.

—*Alfred Noyes.*

It is dangerous alike to believe or to disbelieve; therefore we ought to examine strictly into the truth of a matter, rather than suffer an erroneous impression to pervert our judgment.—*Phædo.*

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication) and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

FAMOUS EVENTS OF CHRISTMAS WEEK.

1. More than a hundred years ago an unsuccessful attack was made on the strongest city in America. During the hard-fought battle the generals of both armies were killed.

2. On Christmas night was fought a daring and successful battle near one of our large cities. In this battle very many of the surprised army and the hired soldiers were slain, while the victorious patriot army escaped across the river, having lost less than ten men.

3. On the last day of the year the heroic General of the preceding battle died quietly at his home.

4. Very early in the nineteenth century on a day of Christmas week came an end to the dynasty of one of the most powerful lines of French kings.

5. This was the greatest New Year's gift ever known. It was given by one man to many thousands, and was what almost all of them longed for—their liberty.

—*Youth's Companion.*

II.

LABYRINTH OF LETTERS.

S	B	O	O	M	A	L	E	S	A	M	E
E	T	A	K	S	R	B	A	C	G	S	S
A	S	K	C	E	O	R	N	P	I	E	R
R	E	M	A	G	N	A	D	Y	C	T	U

By beginning at a certain letter, and following a path, using no letter twice, the names of articles found on the Christmas tree will be spelled.

III.

TWISTED CITIES OF NEW ENGLAND.

1. Hcesrtmnea. 2. Tgauusa. 3. Sweorctre. 4. Fiptsdilte. 5. Glrsindiepf. 6. Ibrtgonlun. 7. Uplstmhoor. 8. Vlwieletar.

—*The Beacon.*

IV.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In east, but not in south.
In love, but not in sorrow.
In high, but not in low.
In half, but not in one.
In fun, but not in fear.
In bear, but not in fox.
In boot, but not in fact.
In long, but not in degree.
In eminent, but not in care.
My whole is a Famous American.

V.

A DIAMOND.

1. A consonant.
2. A small rodent of the mouse kind.
3. A boy's name.
4. A number.
5. A consonant.

Answers to puzzles in the November number.

I. GEOGRAPHICAL STORY; PART II.—11. Green. 12. Sable. 13. Auburn. 14. Black. 15. Cleveland. 16. Society. 17. Albert. 18. Baker. 19. Buffalo. 20. Cologne. 21. Save.

II. DICKENS CHARACTERS.—1. Christmas Carol. 2. Little Dorrit. 3. Pickwick Papers. 4. Barnaby Rudge. 5. Pickwick Papers. 6. Our Mutual Friend.

III. THANKSGIVING DESSERT.—1. Caper. 2. Ruler. 3. Amuse. 4. Nomad. 5. Biped. 6. Exult. 7. Ruddy. 8. Radix. 9. Ilion. 10. Ennui. 11. Signs. Initials: Cranberries. Centrals: Plum pudding.

IV. PROBLEM.—

Five cows	$50.00
Ninety-four sheep	47.00
One hog	3.00
	$100.00

V. CONCEALED GEOGRAPHY.—1. Annapolis. 2. Utica. 3. Buffalo. 4. Denver. 5. Trenton.

The Spirit of Love must work the works and speak the tones of Love. It cannot exist and give no sign, or a false sign. It cannot be a spirit of Love, and mantle into irritable and selfish impatience. It cannot be a spirit of Love, and at the same time make self the prominent object. It cannot rejoice to lend itself to the happiness of others, and at the same time be seeking its own.—*J. H. Thom.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

HEREAFTER, ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS, INTENDED FOR THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, "THE CHAIRMAN, MRS. GEORGE G. SAVILLE, 25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS." THIS INCLUDES SUBSCRIPTIONS, CHANGES OF ADDRESS, REQUESTS FOR DISCONTINUANCE, BEGGING LETTERS RECEIVED BY MEMBERS OR BRANCHES.

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It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

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